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Contents

THE COVER -- KUDLALAK, Eskimo Hunter and Carver from Baffin Island

EDITORIAL 3

FROM OUR READERS 4

KITIMAT CONVENTION OF ASSOCIATED BOARDS OF TRADE 6
Art Downs

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR TEACHERS? 8
George Roberts

THREE AGAINST THE WILDERNESS 9
Eric Collier

RANCH FOR SALE? 10
Lyn Harrington

THE COLLINS OVERLAND TELEGRAPH 11
John B. Daniell

PHOTO STORY--CANADIAN ESKIMO ART 22

BRITISH COLUMBIA'S NATURAL HISTORY 30

INFORMATION FREE 34

OVER THE EDITOR'S DESK 44

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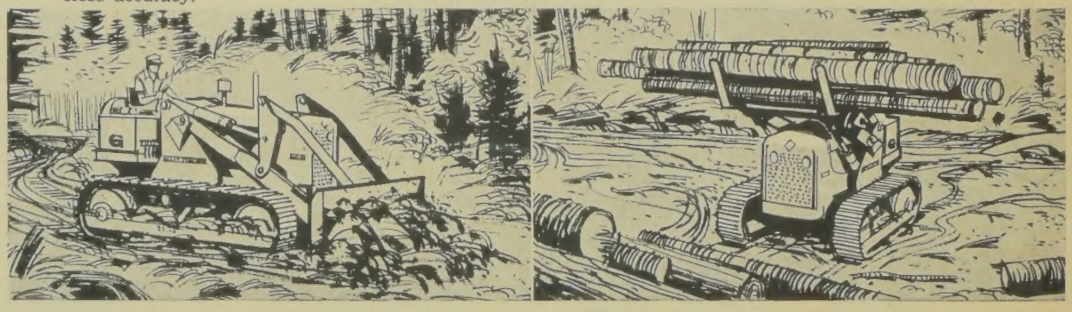

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Vancouver, B. C.

Editorial . . .

by
H. A. Moffat

Awake, Vancouver, it is later than you think. Awake or you are going to loose your position as supply point for Central and Northern B.C. Look around Vancouver, and see what Edmonton is doing for the north. You will learn that they have a new paved highway to B.C.'s Peace River district, that fabulous area of gas and oil strikes, of fertile farms, and of the billion dollar Wenner-Gren project. Remember, Vancouver, that you do not have a paved highway to the Peace.

Awake, Vancouver. For too long you have been thinking only of your own ills and problems. Little has been your concern for the ills and problems of the areas that have made you the great metropolis of the west. Get out of your rut of small town thinking. Think big! Think in the broad terms appropriate of Canada's third largest city and share with us the task of developing this province for the benefit of all of us, Vancouver.

What do we hear from you, Vancouver? Do we hear your voice urging completion of the highway between Prince George and McBride so that we can have a second Trans-Provincial highway? Do we hear you stressing the vital necessity of paving the Hart Highway so that you can better serve the Peace River area and also stop the adverse publicity B.C. is getting from American tourists because of this highway? Do we hear you support the paving of Highway 16 between Prince George and Prince Rupert? Do we hear you urging more industries for the Interior? No, we hear none of these things.

All we hear is 'give us another bridge, or another express highway, or another TV station' so that your soft life can be made even softer. For forty years, Vancouver, we have waited for roads comparable to the ones you have torn up and replaced many times. For forty years we waited for the P.G.E. to go north and south and when it did what happened? West Vancouver opposed the extension with every means at its disposal. A disgracefully selfish attitude towards a project which benefited the entire Province.

Do we hear you support the Peace River development with its immense value to all of B.C.? No, Vancouver, we don't. All we hear is an attack on the originators, the so called 'give away' of our heritage, the possible higher cost of power to Vancouver. Develop the Columbia first, you say, we might have cheaper power. The fact that the Columbia won't develop a natural resource of consequence is overlooked, as is the fact that Canada must develop the north to survive.

Take a look at yourself, Vancouver, and see where you would be if foreign capital had not invested in your city. Then, and only then, criticize the 'foreign' capital (which appears to be mostly British) being invested in the Wenner-Gren project. Don't forget that you have no natural resources and that you exist only because of development of the B.C. Interior and the prairie regions. If this development wanes, so do you. So wake up, Vancouver,

Please turn to Page 21

From Our Readers ..

Editor:

I would like to tell you how pleased I was to read "Ordeal on the Liard" by F.H. Ellis, in your last issue.

Paddy Burke's daughter, now Mrs. Edward J.G. Way of White Rock, B.C., is a friend of mine. After her father's death, Mrs. Way and her mother went back to England, where she remained until after the second world war. She returned to Canada and took up residence in her beloved province of B.C. where she could be close to memories of her father. Mrs. Way still has the section of tree that was slashed by her father's companions and upon which they wrote the message with a burnt stick. She also has the exact model of her father's aeroplane that the German Junkers Aeroplane factory made to honour her father's exploits in one of their planes.

Having read the story in your worthy magazine, I passed it on to Mrs. Way, who was very happy to read again of the daring of her father. Being a little girl at the time of her father's death she had not any knowledge of the story, in complete form, of how he came to die.

C.B. Bricklebank,
White Rock, B.C.

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Editor:

We always find so much of interest in your magazine and enjoy each copy. I found your history of the Totem Poles particularly interesting and would like to know more about Ellen Neel and her work in the carving of Totem Poles.

Mrs. L.G. Saul,
Burns Lake, B.C.

Thanks for your kind words. The author of the piece will be getting in touch with you to supply the information.

Editor:

On page 17 of your December issue in the photo of Barkerville cemetery you refer to the headboard on the left as being the first man to be buried in the Barkerville cemetery. I am under the impression that Peter Gibson, the headboard on the right should be the first.

Jack Wilson,
Tappen, B.C.

The caption is correct but it does tend to be confusing. The reference was to the headboard to the left of the caption, or as reader Wilson points out, on the right side of the photo.

Editor:

An exceptionally fine piece on Barkerville. Well done.

Bill Ward, Editor,
Wildlife Review.

Thanks, Bill. We and thousands of other residents in B.C. and elsewhere enjoy your excellent publication. May the Government see fit to advance more funds so you can do an even better job.

Editor:

Although your retrospective reports about the Northwest are in very many cases interesting, I think that you should publish more about the present. Your readers, of course, are more interested in people and places, life and possibilities that exist today.

I have been up North several times and I found that the 'Today' is more fascinating than the 'Past', at least for most of those who go North for business or as tourists. Why not consider this fact?

J. V. Puttkamer
West Vancouver

Editor:

The December issue is one of the best you have done. Each person has his or her special interests, and mine is B.C. history. So the issues devoted to hunting and fishing are a dead loss to me. However, you can't please everybody.

Incidentally, Mr. Kelly who did such a very good job on the museum at Barkerville before the Government took over, does not seem to have been mentioned in the article on Barkerville in the December issue. It was about the best local museum I have ever seen. Every item so clean and well arranged and every piece relevant to Barkerville.

Hoping that you will continue to find interesting old-timers who are willing to have their story printed.

Miss Gwen Hayball,
Vancouver, B.C.

Editor:

Thoroughly enjoyed the special fishing edition and the hunting edition you put out last year. Hunting and fishing have become a very important part of our life and was glad that you decided to turn the spotlight on them.

History is all right but there is nothing like the outdoors to provide real appreciation for a country. Let other magazines concentrate on the past, let the Digest keep us abreast of happenings in the great outdoors.

Fred Logan,
Fort St. John, B.C.

The foregoing three letters reveal some of the problems facing an editor in his selection of materials. For more details on this touchy subject, see 'Over the Editor's Desk' at the back of the issue.

Please turn to Page 43

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B.C.'s UNKNOWN CATTLE COUNTRY

Behind the scenes on the great ranches of Interior B.C. Read about the Chilco, Douglas Lake, Gang, and others.

28th
Annual Convention
ASSOCIATED BOARDS OF TRADE OF
CENTRAL BRITISH COLUMBIA and ALASKIAN AFFILIATES
Kitimat, B.C. - August 23-25, 1959

A report on the most successful convention in the 28 year history of the Associated Boards of Trade of Central B.C., a convention that attracted the Prime Minister of Canada and the Governor of Alaska, plus a host of important leaders in business and industry.

by

Art Downs

A significant feature of the 28th Annual Convention of the Associated Boards of Trade of Central British Columbia and their Alaskan affiliates at Kitimat last August 23-25th was the stress placed on the value of immediate development of natural resources. That B.C.'s and Canada'a resources must be harnessed now and not left for future generations was emphasized by such political opposites as Prime Minister Diefenbaker and Attorney-General Robert Bonner.

The views expressed at Kitimat were a startling contrast to the once prevalent theory that the chief importance of a resource was its value for the future. The Kitimat convention revealed that Governmental policy today is that resources development must be immediate, not twenty or forty years from now.

The convention was noteworthy, too, in that it was the most successful in the twenty-eight year history of the Associated Boards. Attending were a record one hundred and fifty delegates from twenty member Boards, and the area they covered represented a large slice of North America. In B.C. alone delegates came from Quesnel in the south to Atlin in the north, and from McBride in the east to Prince Rupert in the west, an area covering over one half of the Province. Among guests were the Prime Minister of Canada, the Govenor of Alaska, several B.C. Cabinet Ministers, presidents of several major companies, and trade representatives of Germany, Austria, U.S.A., England, Japan, and the Philippines.

"It was our intention," said Don Forward, president of the Associated Boards, "to get all the big names in Canada and the U.S. and even abroad that we could. We wanted to bring them into the north so that they could see the potential of the area."

This goal was achieved, in fact not

even at the national convention of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce has there been so imposing an array of national figures. Then in addition to the Government leaders and the three hundred and fifty delegates and guests there were twelve press representatives, and the resulting stories, photos, and articles gained the Interior tens of thousands of dollars in free publicity.

Mr. John Fousette, chairman of the Convention Committee, opened the convention. He pointed out that although Vancouver and other southern centers usually refer to Kitimat, Smithers, Prince George, and similar centers as being in the north they are actually only half way between the southern and northern boundaries of the Province. Many people, he said, even today believe that Interior B.C. is just a large and vacant area. It is the purpose of the Associated Boards to correct these beliefs. We in the Interior believe in the future of our land and we see it developing into a vital part of Canada and of the world. The future of Canada belongs to the north. We will all benefit from its development.

In a later address to the convention Highways Minister Gaglardi emphasized this point. He explained that while B.C.'s mountains made things difficult for road builders, they represented a tremendous power potential, and just as surely as a moth flies to a candle, industry will come in if this potential is developed.

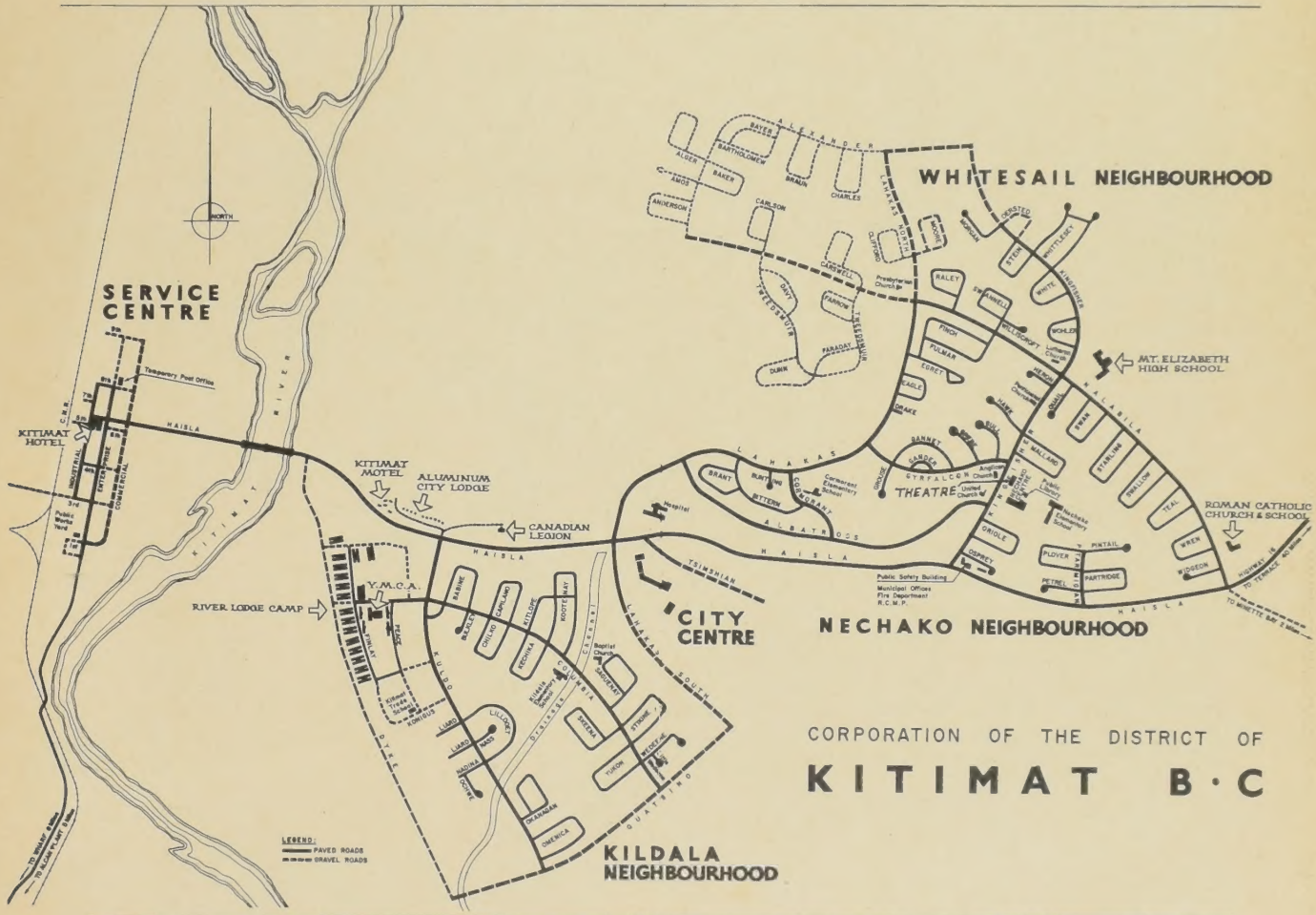
But he pointed out that this development must be now, the demand for power is today, not in the future. If we wait for another opportunity or keep these undeveloped sites as a reserve, they will probably never be used. In twenty years or so atom power will likely be in common use and the water energy of such rivers as the Peace would never be harnessed.

He touched on the Stewart-Cassiar road, now under joint construction by Provincial and Federal Governments, and predicted that it would be one of the most famous routes in North America. He also promised that he would do everything to ensure that Highway 16 was completed in 1960, or if not then shortly afterward. He said that these highways and others in the Interior would be major tourist attractions, and that in a few years tourism would be worth a half billion dollars to the Province, almost five times its current

Please turn to Page 16

Opposite--Part of the residential area and city center of Kitimat, host city for the convention.

Fred Ryan photo



The general layout of the Kitimat townsite and residential area. The actual smelter is about five miles from the Service center. The Kitimat river offers excellent fishing, as some delegates discovered, and salmon under 60 pounds are not even considered big.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR TEACHERS?

BY GEORGE ROBERTS
WITH ROBERT COLLINS

Courtesy Imperial Oil Review

School teaching has been my profession —indeed, my life—for 25 years. As teacher and principal I have run the gamut of pupils, parents, school boards, inspectors and departmental officials. As an official of Canadian teachers' organizations since 1935, I have met teachers in every province. I've studied them, addressed their meetings, written for them, read their publications and picked their brains at many a midnight session.

I am proud of my profession. Since the day I entered it I have never wanted to do anything else.

Which is why it is all the more painful to have to report the great irony of Canadian education today: *too many of our teachers are simply not able to do their job*—the job of sending children out into society with the best possible education. This is the job teachers want to do. It is the job that taxpayers, parents and students have a right to expect. But teachers are not satisfying anyone, least of all themselves. The fault is by no means entirely theirs. All of us are responsible. All of us must help remedy the situation.

What's wrong with our teachers? Too little professional training, too little public respect, too little self-confidence and self-assertion. These are the major faults and, to some extent, they work in a sort of chain reaction. One follows on the heels of another and so our educational system is somewhat like a perpetually revolving door, with the hapless pupils caught in the middle.

To begin with, nearly half of our teachers are rank amateurs. They have less than the bare minimum of training that teachers' organizations consider tolerable: senior matriculation plus a year of pedagogy. In all of Canada only 25 percent of teachers are university graduates; most of these are in secondary schools. Yet, a teacher *needs* the fullest training to do his job efficiently and conscientiously. Nowadays a teacher must put in an average of 30 hours a week of classes (using teaching methods that the educational psychologists are making more and more complex), plus voluntary after-school tuition, and evenings spent preparing lessons, marking and extra-curricular supervision.

The inadequacy of teacher training is largely an emergency situation, arising from the postwar surge of enrolment. But the attitude behind it is not new. For a long time we have been buying our educational and professional services as cheaply as possible. As a result, the teacher in many areas today is regarded as a sort of second-class citizen.

Before the days of universal education the schoolmaster (whatever his training) was one of the best educated—and most respected—individuals in the community, on a par with the town lawyer and doctor. Today many adults have university degrees and many teachers have not. Adults with no university education can nevertheless command high wages in industry. It's no wonder the average parent tends to look down his nose at the average teacher's suggestions or advice, pertaining to his children.

Many school boards, for their part, regard teachers as hired hands. I realize that boards are often harassed with their own problems and subjected to public and political pressures. But the fact remains that they have the power to hire and fire and some of them never let the teacher forget it. (The situation has improved since my first teaching job, when I was given to understand I should not appear on the street when smoking a cigarette.)

Boards, too, pay part of the school costs from local taxation. But judging from their budgets—which often meet only the barest basic requirements—they are often more eager to satisfy the citizen as taxpayer than the citizen as parent.

School inspectors and supervisors, for their part, tend to over-supervise even experienced teachers; to check and cross-check, scrutinize and advocate. This tendency perhaps resulted from the large numbers of "amateur" teachers. But the supervisory people ought to draw a line between the professional teacher, who needs professional independence, and the amateur, who is not yet ready for it.

And on yet a higher level is the department of education—a hierarchy of civil servants directing the teacher. Although departments are staffed with experienced ex-teachers, too many of them seem to have lost (if, indeed, they ever *had*) the professional teacher's point of view. As many teachers see it, departmental direction tends, almost inevitably, to be didactic and dogmatic, and also, because of its civil service nature, to be "safe". Of course, not all teachers follow this supervision to the letter, but most try to do so.

Partly because of these situations—and also because the teacher by nature is an introspective person—too many teachers *do not respect themselves*. This includes even many of the competent career people, the ones I call "professionals". Outside the classroom they lack confidence, are painfully inarticulate and falsely humble.

Not long ago a fellow teacher and I were guests at a service club dance in an Ontario city. No one made us feel unwelcome but my colleague was obviously ill at ease. Finally he whispered bitterly, "I suppose these people think they're *slumming*, having teachers at their dance!"

In such an atmosphere of super-sensitivity, low prestige and inadequate training, it's no wonder that teachers feel they are not accomplishing as much as they should at a time when their job was never more important.

Why so important? There are, to begin with, international reasons. If the western world is to survive, it must keep apace of Russia in scientific training and knowledge. And if we do not preserve our culture—our literature, art, philosophy, history and all the rest that a liberal education embraces—what point is there in survival?

Please turn to Page 32

The gap between child and wolves was lessening; they were only a hundred yards behind him now. They traveled softly, like phantoms, without noise, the soft snow they were treading muffling their footsteps.

Illustrated by Gwen Lewis

THREE Against THE WILDERNESS

Courtesy Eric Collier and E. P. Dutton and Company

IF YOUR HOME IS IN THE WILDERNESS YOU SEEM TO REALIZE THE omnipresence of danger to a far greater extent than do those who move forward through life bumped by the elbows of their fellow men. Death is there in the swaying treetop, for who can rightly tell when that tree is likely to crash to earth, snuffing out the life of all on whom it falls? Death is there on the snow-covered lakes, and creeks, and rivers for beneath the snow lurks many a treacherous air hole ready to devour instantly all who might stumble into it. Death rides watchful and expectant with the breath of an arctic wind, for intense cold numbs both the will power and strength of all who have to face it, breeding within them an almost irresistible temptation to sit down and snatch a moment or two of rest. And if they succumb to that temptation? Instead of a few moments of rest they are likely to sleep the sleep of no awakening.

Death momentarily revealed its presence to Lillian when the bull moose bore down upon her. And there was one other occasion at least when for a fleeting moment death hovered but a few feet away from her, before turning his back and gazing the other way.

Lillian was out in the woods at the time, picking blueberries. Veasy, seven years old now, marched along at her heels. August was almost gone and the pea vines and vetches of the timber al-

Please turn to Page 37

Ranch For Sale?

by
LYN HARRINGTON

Rich and Gloria Hobson and the Nechako river near their ranch south of Vanderhoof. Although Rich still does some ranching, he is now an author first and a rancher second. Similarly Gloria spends more time actually selling ranches than working on one. Harrington photo

Several years ago, Rich Hobson, a rancher in central British Columbia wrote the best-seller, GRASS BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS. It was a personal account of cowboys finding wild hay meadows beyond the Itcha ranges, and their experiences while developing a ranch. As a result of the book, Rich's wife, Gloria, found herself in Vanderhoof selling ranch lands under veteran realtor George C. Ogston.

People began thronging to the Hobsons' ranch after publication of Rich's first book, and continued after his second, NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR A COWBOY. And that's what started Gloria on her secondary career.

"People kept coming to River Ranch, inquiring about rangeland that might be available, or asking about grasslands 'way back in the bush. Well, we were in the real estate business without realizing it. The only thing--we weren't suppose to be. British Columbia insists upon salesmen and agents being licensed."

"And no commission, either?" I guessed.

"No commission," Gloria agreed. "We did a fair amount of entertaining strangers, too. People who had read the books, and were sincerely interested in getting a place up here. Quite a few were disappointed to find that a lot of the good places are remote. When you're used to living on a highway, it's quite difficult to go back into the bush and start from scratch. It's all right to think about...but the reality is sometimes a little different from the dream.

Practically all the clients for ranches are Americans. We get a lot of young couples coming up here who want to get started, with the idea of building-up. There doesn't seem to be much space for expansion of ranching in the States."

"Is it a good thing to have ranchlands passing out of Canadian hands, even to friendly Americans?" I asked her.

Gloria thought it made little difference. "The Americans melt right into the country. They come in as settlers, bring their families with them, and make Canada their home. Most of them seem to cut their ties with the States, financial at any rate. And quite a number take out their citizenship papers later on. In fact if you took all the American-origin ranchers out of the Cariboo, the country would be de-populated!"

Selling farmland to Americans rather than to Canadians does call for a different approach, Gloria has found.

"Your first thing is to sell them on the idea of living in a different country

Please turn to Page 28

NEW WESTMINSTER, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.—[SKETCHED BY F. L. POPE.]

THE COLLINS OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

THIS immense enterprise, which is to connect America with Europe by the way of California, Behring Strait, and the Amoor River, is being pushed forward with the utmost energy during the present season, under the auspices of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The wires of the California Telegraph Company have during the past winter been extended through Oregon and Washington Territory, as far as New Westminster, the capital on British Columbia, and are now in operation to that point. At New Westminster the Collins Overland Telegraph proper commences, and will extend up Fraser River nearly to its source, and thence nearly parallel with the coast, following the general direction of the valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range to a point at or near Behring Strait, which will be crossed by a submarine cable. The line will thence extend through the eastern portion of Siberia until it meets the telegraph, now nearly completed by the Russian Government, from St. Petersburg to

TERMINAL STATION OF COLLINS'S OVERLAND TELEGRAPH, NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—[SKETCHED BY F. L. POPE.]

month of the Amoor

The whole work is under general supervi- and Chauncey

of

ing con- ental range of ttes between Washing- ton and New Orleans, in the year 1847.

The construction of the overland line through the colony of British Columbia is proceeding with great rapidity, considering the mountainous and difficult nature of the This division er the immediate charge of Assistant-Engineer Lt. Conway, late of the United States Military Telegraph.

A party, under command of Major F. L. Pope, of Massachusetts, is now engaged in making explorations in the country lying between the head of Fraser River and Behring Strait, in order to determine the most practicable route for the telegraph. Other exploring parties will also be set at work the present season

The front page of Harper's Weekly of August 12, 1865 provided its readers with above details of the Overland Telegraph. At that date New Westminster was capital of B.C.

The Collins Overland Telegraph

by

JOHN B. DANIELL

On the east bank of the Fraser River in Quesnel stands a memorial to the Collins Overland Telegraph, a project that in the 1860's ranked with the most imaginative of the day. It envisioned a 14,000 mile telegraph line hung through some 14,000 miles of wilderness across continental Europe, Asia, and America. The man behind the plan was Perry McDonough Collins, and it is ironical that he would have succeeded had not another equally stubborn and foresighted man done the impossible and strung a cable under the Atlantic Ocean.

But while Collins failed in one way he succeeded in another. His project opened hundreds of miles of wilderness to exploration and materially aided the United States in the purchase of Alaska. He gave western Canada it's first telegraph system and provided a direct communication between the Cariboo gold fields and the coast. Then later in history when a telegraph line was strung to the Yukon gold fields, over half the distance was via the abandoned Collins route.

It would be supposed that a man who could sell so bold a scheme to the governments of England, Russia, and United States would be a back-slapping, publicity seeking extrovert, but Collins was just the opposite. In fact he was so modest and unassuming that very few pictures of him exist. And although mountains, rivers, and cities

Please turn the page

were named after those associated with the plan, nothing was named after Collins.

Perry Collins was born at Hyde Park, New York, in 1813. His father died when he was a boy and after a variety of jobs Collins studied to be a lawyer and was admitted to the bar in Jackson, Mississippi. In 1848 he ran for the State Legislature but was defeated. After this he decided to head west and ended up in San Francisco.

Here Collins became interested in the possibility of American-Asiatic trade centering on the 2,700 mile Amoor (Amur) river, which is born near Manchuria and flows into the Sea of Okhotsk behind the northern tip of Sakhalin Island. This plan he visioned as being a three phase operation.

First an overland telegraph line from the Missouri River, western terminus of the existing line, then westward and northward to the Bering Straits, across Siberia and terminating in Europe, a distance of 14,000 miles. The second stage was introduction of American Commerce into Manchuria, Northern China, and Siberia via the Amoor river, and the third stage was the construction of a railway from the head of steam navigation on the Amoor to Irkoutsk, capital of Eastern Siberia.

With this plan formulated, Collins was not content to leave it just a daydream. When he heard in 1855 that the Russians had formed a settlement at the mouth of the Amoor river, he left for Washington for more details. He wanted to personally explore the Amoor to see if it would be practical for steamboats, and if it was he felt that his other plans would fall naturally into place. In February of 1856 he outlined his telegraph line plans to President Pierce and a month later was appointed Commercial Agent of the United States for the Amoor River.

With letters of introduction to important people he left for Russia to arrange a voyage of exploration down the Amoor. However he was delayed for some months in St. Petersburg but spent the time to advantage by getting to know many influential Russians. He finally completed his adventurous voyage of discovery down the Amoor and decided that his plans were practical.

When he arrived back in the United States Collins outlined his venture to Western Union Telegraph Company who advanced him $5,000 to present his plans to Washington and try to obtain a subsidy in this quest.

Collins was aided by the dimming hopes for success of a rival plan being

Originator of the telegraph proposal was Percy McDonough Collins.

carried out by Cyrus W. Field. This bold scheme called for a submarine cable under the entire length of the Atlantic Ocean. Already Field had been dogged by failure, and with some $200,000 worth of broken and abandoned cable on the ocean floor, was raising capital for still another try. He had many enemies, including great scientists who ridiculed the idea of electric current successfully passing through a 2,000 mile cable under water. However Field wasn't discouraged by criticizm and was convinced his third try would succeed.

In 1860 Collins presented his memorial to the United States Congress and received a favorable reply. Meanwhile during the period that Collins had advanced his plans from the dream to the acceptance stage, a transcontinental telegraph line had been completed to San Francisco and northward to Oregon. At the same time Russia had undertaken a line from Moscow to the mouth of the Amoor river, and much of this was completed. The visionary scheme first propounded by Collins was coming closer to reality, but it was still far from final completion.

The line crossed many frontiers and before all obstacles were settled Collins participated in many months of difficult negotiations. He returned to Russia and again proved himself a master salesman. On May 23, 1863, he obtained Russian permission covering construction through Russia and Russian America. He then made a parallel arrangement in London covering the line through what is now Canada.

Collins again approached Western Union and offered to sell his entire equity. He asked $100,000 in paid up stock, the right to subscribe for another $100,000, and a cash payment of $100,000, the whole as compensation for eight years work in securing the various grants. On March 16, 1864, Western Union accepted his offer. The Company also undertook to build a line from the United States to connect with Russia's line to the Amoor. With this accomplished the telegraph connection to Europe would be complete.

By now it was 1865 and the telegraph line had made another jump northward from the United States. In 1864 the newly formed Government of British Columbia had granted permission for the telegraph to be extended northward to New Westminster, then the capital of the Province. On April 18, 1865, the line was completed, but celebrations were cut short when one of the first messages announced the assasination of President Lincoln.

The actual task of extending the telegraph line northward from New Westminster was given to Colonel Charles S. Bulkley, formerly of the United States Army. He chose as his aid Franklin L. Pope who was made chief of explorations in British Columbia with Robert Kennicott given the same job in Russian America, and Edmund Conway to take charge of construction parties.

On June 17, 1865, the schooner Milton Badger reached New Westminster with the first load of construction supplies from New York. When construction crews reached Yale in the Fraser Canyon progress for the three hundred and fifty miles northward to Quesnel was rapid. In the preceeding three years the famous Wagon Road to the Cariboo gold fields had been completed to Quesnel and telegraph crews simply followed the road. In just over three months, on September 14, 1865, the line reached Quesnel, and was given a rousing welcome by the miners and frontiersmen.

Northwestward from Quesnel the telegraph line entered an unexplored wilderness region and some idea of the problems facing crews can be obtained from the following account by W.F. Ireland, B.C. Provincial Archivist:

> All material and provisions must now be transported by boat and pack train. The trail must be surveyed, and cleared to a width of between 12 and 20 feet; bridges must be built over all streams which could not be forded; swamps must be "corduroyed," and hillsides too steep for pack animals "graded from 3 to 5 feet wide." Telegraph poles, cut to specified dimensions, must be erected 63 paces apart

and strung with wire; at all large rivers—and the party had to build boats before they could navigate these—double wires must be stretched. Every 25 miles a station must be erected: a log house, with a fireplace chimney, door and windows. To accomplish all this, Conway had only a comparatively small party. It averaged, he says, 60 white men, 32 Chinamen (who were employed as cooks, polemen, and wiremen), and 20 Indians, employed mostly as boatmen and in the transportation of supplies. But the organization, "military in character," was highly efficient: the strictest discipline was enforced, and a magistrate accompanied the party into the wilds; all trading with the natives was forbidden; and no "spirituous or intoxicating liquors" were allowed in camp. In less than four months, without working on Sundays, they were able to complete 440 miles of trail and 390 miles of wire, to erect 9246 poles and build 15 stations.

Meanwhile in both Russian-America and Siberia the work progressed well, although here even greater obstacles were encountered. Robert Kennicott collapsed and died but despite all hazards 1866 showed every promise of being very successful from a construction standpoint. However it was not to be. On July 25th a message flashed over the completed portion announcing that Cyrus Field's third attempt to lay a cable under the Atlantic was successful.

Official decision to halt work was not taken until March, 1867. Western Union, mindful of former cable failures, hung on to be certain that Field's cable would be a success. But on March 27, 1867, after an expenditure of three million dollars, the order to halt was officially given. It took four months to get the news to the Siberian parties and bring in the men and equipment. When Yukon construction crews were told they draped their poles in black as a symbol of their disappointment.

Actual construction in British Columbia was carried across the junction of the Skeena and Kispiox rivers. Near the present village of Kispiox the company built their last station, naming it Fort Stager. Telegraph Creek, on the Stikine river, was reached in exploration in the winter of 1866-67 and named because the wire was projected to cross the river at that point, but construction halted many miles to the south.

In a farewell address to his staff in San Francisco, Colonel Bulkley told them: "Over one-quarter of the circumference of the globe, in frozen wilds, among savage tribes, and in unknown regions, you have steadily pursued your way. Although the telegraph line is unfinished, the world will recognize and applaud the knowledge you have added to its stores and the daring spirits who have accomplished so much."

[The dotted lines designate portions of the routes not yet completed.]

MAP OF THE WORLD, SHOWING THE TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEMS FOR ENCIRCLING THE ENTIRE GLOBE.

This top of the world map, also from Harper's Magazine of 1865, shows the projected route of the Collins land line across North America and Asia between New Westminster and the mouth of the Amoor river.

In a summary of activities Captain Conway reported that in British Columbia the line had been carried for three hundred and seventy-eight miles beyond Quesnel, which was at Mile 435, a total distance of eight hundred and twelve miles. Relay and maintenance stations had been built every twenty-five miles along the line, all streams were bridged and double wires stretched across all rivers. A total of nine thousand, two hundred and forty-six poles had been erected along the route.

In Alaska the first pole was stood up on New Year's Day in 1866 near Nulato. Due to the frozen ground progress was slow, six poles a day was a good showing and only dogs were available to haul poles and supplies. The expidition's artist, Fredrick Wymper, later wrote a book on his experiences and remarked that 15,000 poles were left in the far north, their only use as campfires for wandering tribes.

In Asia Major Serge Abasa had worked miracles with his hardy Cossack crews

---

A straight from the shoulder article by Minister of Lands and Forests Ray Williston of the grave consequences facing Interior lumbermen unless they get out and actively start selling their product.

next issue

THE STORY OF CATALINE, the Mexican mule skinner who was among British Columbia's most colorful frontiersmen, and still one of the most frequently talked about.

in Siberia and the Russians completed their part of the line, despite the failure of the complete project. In 1871 it was extended from the mouth of the Amur to Nagasaki, Shanghai, and Hong Kong, and the British built a branch from this line to northern India.

On the venture Western Union suffered a heavy financial blow but footed the bill of three million, one hundred and seventy thousand, two hundred and ninety-two dollars. Shareholders held the company in such confidence that stock didn't drop despite abandonment of the project.

In the meantime the revised telegraph system, operating to Quesnel, had extended its line fifty-four miles to Barkerville. Western Union wasn't overly interested in this operation and in 1871 signed a perpetual lease with the B.C. Government covering all their holdings in the province. The line from Quesnel to Fort Stager was left to the elements. However the route of the line from Quesnel northward later played a prominent role when settlers moved into the area during the early 1900's.

The Indians of the area, who had regarded the "talking wire" with great misgivings, began to make use of the salvage. They used the green glass insulators for drinking cups and ornaments, and with remarkable engineering skill built a suspension bridge across Hagwilget Canyon on the Bulkley river. Before the men would cross legend has it that they sent their squaws across first. It proved serviceable and was used for many years.

The line lay abandoned for over thirty years, then gold was discovered on the Klondike. Once again this magic word, as it had in California and the Cariboo, sparked a rush and one hundred thousand men poured into the Yukon. A quick means of communication became an urgent necessity, and the Canadian Government decided to construct a telegraph line from Dawson to Quesnel.

When engineers mapped the route they learned that Colonel Bulkley's men had done an excellent job of location work. In fact from Quesnel to Hazelton, then north from Telegraph Creek to Atlin, some eight hundred and eighty-five miles, the new line followed closely the Collins route. The Yukon Telegraph line operated until 1935 when it was replaced by radio circuits.

For posterity Colonel Bulkley was destined to be the best remembered of all in the Collins venture. The Bulkley river, Bulkley valley, and Bulkley House in west central B.C are named after him. In Alaska a city, a lake, a glacier and a mountain were named after Major Kennicott. But Collins fared the worst. The Kispiox river was known for a time as the Collins river, but the name didn't stick, and maps make no mention of the project's originator.

Collins lived the last years of his life in New York and died at eighty-eight with a comfortable fortune. Seventeen years after his death, his niece and heir, Kate Collins Brown, left five hundred and fifty thousand dollars to New York University to be used for scholarships. But before long the source of the scholarship funds became virtually forgotten and finally the University started checking history books so that the students who share Collin's bequest might know something about their benefactor.

But this dropping completely from sight would have been the least of Perry McDonough Collins' worries. In fact it would probably have highly satisfied the shy salesman who failed in his primary objective but won out anyhow. Without Collins it is quite possible that Alaska would still belong to Russia.

THE END

HOW MANY

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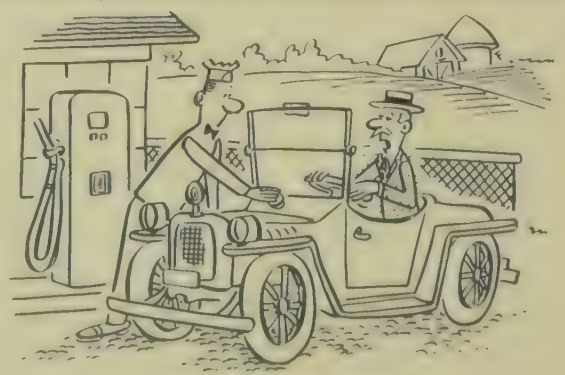

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BELCO SERVICE

Bella Coola Consumers' Co-operative Association

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PACIFIC GREAT EASTERN RLY.

Delegates to the convention were repeatedly told by Government leaders and businessmen that the Interior of B.C. is slated for expansion on an ever increasing scale. In the past ten years the search for gas and oil has resulted in tremendous development in not only northern B.C. but also in the Yukon and even into the N.W.T. And instead of abating the search is intensifying, with surveys under way in millions of acres to the west of Quesnel and northward from the Terrace region.
To travellers along the Alaska highway a common sight are drilling rigs such as the one opposite. Since drilling is carried out on a 24 hour basis, at night the rigs resemble the gayway at a fair.

Photo courtesy
Shell Oil Company

KITIMAT CONVENTION
Continued from Page 7

value and the Provinces second largest industry.

This was welcome news to the convention delegates and also to the host community because Kitimat itself is a major tourist attraction. The mountain-ringed center is located on Kitimat Arm at the head of the Douglas Channel some seventy miles inland from the open coast. By air it is four hundred miles northwest of Vancouver and seventy miles southeast of Prince Rupert, and connected to the outside world by boat, road, and plane.

Contrary to popular belief it is not a Company town but a District Municipality governed by a Reeve and six Councillors. Although Alcan is the major industry there are many individual businesses with three hundred and forty trade licenses issued to date. Current population is almost ten thousand and the community has all the services common to B.C.'s cities, including thirty miles of paved roads and fourteen miles of sidewalks and walkways.

In many respects Kitimat differs radically from every other B.C. center. There are, for instance, no pioneers, the town is less than a decade old. Sub-standard dwellings and log shacks are non-existent because the entire community was planned before even a tree was felled. It is an extremely cosmopolitan center, its citizens come from all over Canada and abroad, with

Convention guests of honor were Prime Minister and Mrs. Diefenbaker. At the left of the photo is another distinguished guest, Governor Egan of Alaska.
"We must conserve our resources," the Prime Minister said, "but this does not mean sitting on them like a hen on a china egg keeping them warm for future generations of chickens that might never hatch".

Northwest Photo

twenty-nine different countries represented on the plant payroll. On the whole various nationalities have blended well together with people very civic minded, in fact there are one hundred and fifty different community organizations.

In 1958 when demand for aluminum slackened and workers were laid off there arose a belief that Kitimat was about to become a ghost town. But as members of the convention saw for themselves, it is a very active ghost

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town, with some two thousand, two hundred men employed at the smelter alone and a payroll of over one million dollars a month.

A feature of the convention was a tour of the smelter and afterwards visitors realized that making aluminum is extremely complex. It cost two hundred and twenty-five million dollars to develop Kitimat alone, and another two hundred and fifteen million dollars to dam the Nechako, build the powerhouse at Kemano, and bring the power to Kitimat. An impressive fact is that through the electrical control room of the Kitimat plant passes one quarter of all the hydro power developed in B.C. and that in the plant there are over seven thousand electric motors.

In a later address to the convention Fraser W. Bruce, president of Alcan, provided additional data on the Kitimat venture.

He pointed out the vital necessity of the export trade insofar as aluminum is concerned. "Although Canada is one of the fastest growing aluminum markets in the world," he said, "it never has consumed more than fifteen per cent of aluminum smelted in Canada. Kitimat alone could supply this in six months, and in Canada Alcan operates five smelters."

"For its first five years Kitimat lived a sheltered life," he said, "then it was subjected to its first experience in the school of hard knocks. World production of aluminum exceeded demand. Expansion and construction stopped. But it must be remembered that the plant settled down to operate at eighty per cent of installed capacity. Kitimat can hardly be called a ghost town. Certainly not with a payroll of over fifteen million dollars a year and a population of nearly ten thousand producing an average of forty-two babies a month."

PUMPED DRY

Pop's bank account turns into a sinking fund after the Christmas bills start coming in.

In an address to one of the business sessions Attorney-General Robert Bonner pointed out that Kitimat was an unique example of the result when people and money flow into an area. People and capital provide business, and business builds the country.

The Attorney-General pointed out that it was significant that so many nations had sent representatives to the convention. It was evidence that the potential of the north was very well known to overseas nations, perhaps more so than to Canadians themselves.

"If we are going to attract more people and hold a position in world affairs," he said, "we must develop our resources for trade with the rest of the world. Resources are worthless until they are developed. Rivers running unharnessed to the ocean, minerals locked in the ground, trees growing old and unused contribute nothing to the economy. And to harness these resources internal capital is not sufficient, we must be prepared to allow both people and capital to enter Canada from all over the world. Capital once invested in Canada becomes Canadian, subject to Canadian laws and to Canadian control, and is beneficial to all."

Adding emphasis to Mr. Bonner's words was a display by Columbia Cellulose Company at the Industrial Exhibit held in conjunction with the convention. The display showed the direct benefits accruing to a community when an industry moves in. In the case of Prince Rupert the Columbia Cellulose pulp mill meant an additional one thousand jobs, an annual payroll of six million dollars, additional local tax revenue of one million dollars, a yearly four hundred thousand dollars to the Government for stumpage and royalties, and three million dollars for transportation.

The industrial exhibit was a new feature for an Associated Boards convention and attracted considerable interest. Among those with space were B.C. Telephone Company, Unemployment Insurance Commission, Department of Fisheries, Hudsons Bay Company, and several others. One local exhibit that proved very interesting was that of Kitimat Sporting Goods. Featured were photos of local hunting and fishing scenes and on display was a sixty-one and a half pound Spring Salmon caught by a local angler in the Kitimat river near the highway.

The village of Vanderhoof had a display of grains, vegetables, lumber, and similar district products. They also pointed out that the local birth rate was fifty-two per thousand, as against the national Canadian average of twenty-eight, and a card bore the notation that "everybody is busy in Vanderhoof".

This was one of two incidents that drew chuckles from delegates and guests. The other was the arrival of Prime Minister Diefenbaker. The Prime Minister's party drove to Kitimat from Terrace, and somewhere along the way their Chrysler's tailpipe shook loose. The party reached Kitimat with the

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offending part scraping and draggin. like cans behind a wedding car. Those in the waiting crowd who had experienced similar annoyances on northern roads felt that it was a true democratic touch.

In his speech to the convention the Prime Minister said that he had always been a firm believer in northern development and that never in Canada's history had so much been spent in one year on the north as this past year.

"The cost is high," he pointed out, "but the cost of not developing the north is higher. We must progress or perish, we cannot sit tight on a safety vault. We dare not allow our national resources to be undeveloped because if they are left in the ground we cannot guarantee the armor of defense or the shield of our salvation.

We must conserve our resources," he said, "but this does not mean sitting on them like a hen on a china egg keeping them warm for future generations of chickens that might never hatch. It does mean using resources rationally and resisting the temptation to dissipate them for a momentary advantage, or a quick profit."

The Prime Minister paid tribute to the international character of the Associated Boards and their Alaskan affiliates. "We have common principles with the United States," he said, "and the prosperity of each is the concern of both."

Governor Egan of Alaska shared this same viewpoint. "The mutual identity and community of interests is phenominal in the history of nations," the Governor pointed out, "and this type of co-operation will increase rather than decrease. B.C. is the land bridge between Alaska and continental United States, and roads and railroads must pass through B.C. Now that Alaska is a State it is more in aposition to sit down with Canada and discuss matters vital to both.

I see the day when products from northern B.C. and the Yukon will be marketed via tidewater at ports along the Alaskan Panhandle built and controlled by Canadians on land leased from the United States for this purpose.

Alaska already has plans for a corridor road linking ports of the Southern Panhandle to the Stewart-Cassiar road," Governor Egan stated, "and there are many other avenues open to co-operation between the two nations. There is, for instance, the development of natural resources which know no International boundaries, harnessing rivers and lakes, and similarly working together wherever there is a common interest in water, mining, or timber."

The Governor quoted a remark made by B.C.'s Deputy Minister of Industrial Trade and Development T.L. Sturgess, "that because of similar resources B.C. must not only compete with, but co-operate with, Alaska."

The Convention's business session lasted two days and passed over twenty resolutions. Considered the most important was the resolution urging speedy completion of the missing link of Highway 16 between Prince George and McBride. In fact it is noteworthy that this resolution has been brought up regularly for the past twenty-eight

Attorney-General Robert Bonner addressing one of the business sessions at the Convention. "Resources are worthless until they are developed" he emphasized. Northwest Photo

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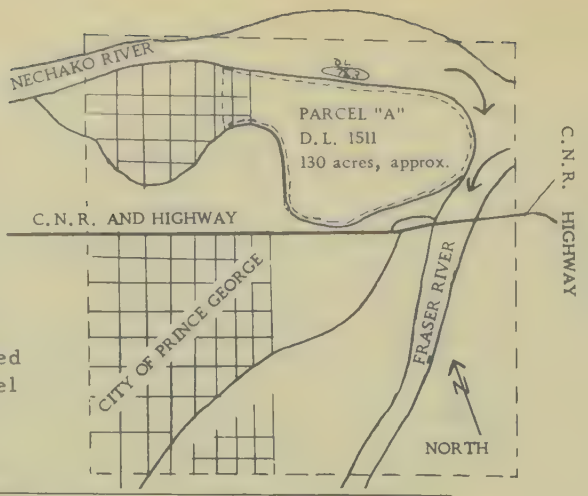

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T. L. Sturgess
Deputy Minister

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Hon. R. W. Bonner Q. C.
Minister

years, and that in the past ten years, seventy-six per cent of all resolutions have dealt with highways.

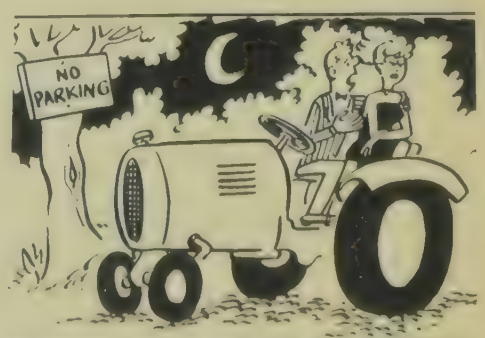
On the subject of the missing link the meeting urged that at least a gravel road be completed by the time black-topping is finished between Prince George and Prince Rupert, which should be next year. This eighty mile stretch would then give the Province a northern trans-provincial highway from Prince Rupert to Edmonton and the prairies.

Of greatest concern to the delegates was the fact that little work is being done on the missing section while there is considerable activity on Highway 5 north from Kamloops to Jasper. The meeting agreed that all possible pressure must be brought to bear to insure completion of the missing eighty miles.

Among the resolutions was one urging the development of more Parks Department tourist campsites along northern highways. A resolution from Prince Rupert called for at least one U.B.C. affiliated college to be constructed in the Interior or as an alternative a subsidy for Interior students who have far higher expenses at U.B.C. than those from the lower mainland. A resolution from Vanderhoof stressed the necessity of ensuring that if the Wenner-Gren project goes ahead the land be cleared in the flooded area so that the shoreline wouldn't be a mass of debris such as that created by the dam on the Nechako river.

The business session ended with the election of officers for 1960 with Gordon Williams of Smithers president, W. Gilgan of Burns Lake vice-president, Nick Fylik of Smithers secretary-treasurer, and Lou Williams of Petersberg vice-president from Alaska. The 1960 convention will be held at Prince Rupert.

A question often asked at Board of Trade meetings and also by individuals is "are such conventions worthwhile?"



"BUT, MARTHA - MY FATHER WOULDN'T LET ME HAVE THE CAR TONIGHT."

EDITORIAL
Continued from Page 3

take a broad outlook and think of the rest of the province above your own selfish interests.

If you aren't careful, Vancouver, Edmonton contractors and Edmonton workers will develop northern B.C. Don't sit back and think you have exclusive right. Alberta road contractors have invaded B.C. and they show every indication of continuing. Edmonton's top executives visit us regularly to show appreciation for our business, which Vancouver, is something you don't do. Dozens of your firms doing a tremendous business with Central and Northern B.C. have company executives who have never been north of Hope. But they have probably been south of the border, and likely to Hawaii.

Stop being smug and vain, Vancouver, and look beyond the mountains that surround you. Trading with Central and Northern B.C. is not yours by inalienable right. Edmonton is closer to us than you; they are more aware of our potential than you; they are more active in the region than you. So awake, Vancouver, awake and show greater interest in your own province. We are for you, but time is running out. It is later than you think.

The photo at right shows a few of the hundreds of visitors who took part in the tour of the smelter.
Ryan photo

Art Currie, city manager of Kitimat had an answer for this.

"At these conventions we get acquainted with our neighboring communities and so better understand their problems. And in unity there is strength In the south of B.C. all communities are organized and we in the Interior must also speak with one voice. This voice is the Associated Boards of Trade, representing over one half the land mass of B.C. and a good portion of Alaska. United we will gain far more than by battling alone."

Another answer to this question was provided by Don Forward in his president's report to the convention.

"The central area of northern B.C. can be described as a slumbering giant that has been suddenly awakened," he said. "Evidence of the activity caused by the awakening can be noted in each of the main locations in the seven hundred and fifty mile area that stretches from Prince Rupert in the west to Prince George, Quesnel, and McBride in the east.

"The six million dollars to be spent on Highway 16 this year, the seventy-five thousand being spent on the camp and picnic site near Terrace, the surveys on power development, the extension of the P.G.E. railway, the paving of arterial northern roads, the increased Government interest in the north, the new schools, airports, and similar developments are all dreams of many years that are now realities.

"The voice of the Associated Boards of Trade of Central B.C. has been heard by many departments of the B.C. Government for long years. We can report that our representations have been heeded."

THE END

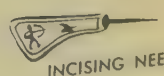
Nothing like that sugar cane flavor for pancakes and waffles!

CANADIAN ESKIMO ART

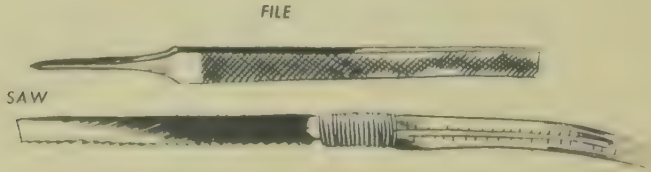
A hunter in his kyak, carved in ivory by an Eskimo from Canada's eastern Arctic. Because of the rugged nature of his life, the Eskimo is always a hunter first, a carver second. He must eat before he can play.

A modern sculptor, asked to produce a work of art with nothing but the tools used by the Eskimos, might well be baffled. These people know nothing of mallet and chisel, they have no calipers or dividers. The Eskimo artist must make do with the tools used in his daily life, for building his kayak, or for making his harpoons and stone vessels.

In the older cultures, the Eskimos shaped their tools by chipping them from fine-grained, flint-like stones which readily took a sharp edge. In later cultures, tools were also made from slate which was ground and polished to the form desired. Common to both techniques, whether chipped or ground, were certain basic tools—adzes, hand drills, reamers and crude saws produced by chipping notches in the edge of a stone blade. Today most of these have been replaced by steel tools, many of them from scrap metal ground to shape and fitted in a handle of bone, antler or ivory. Modern tools, such as saws and files, are used when they are available.


INCISING NEEDLE

HANDDRILL



carving is made to be
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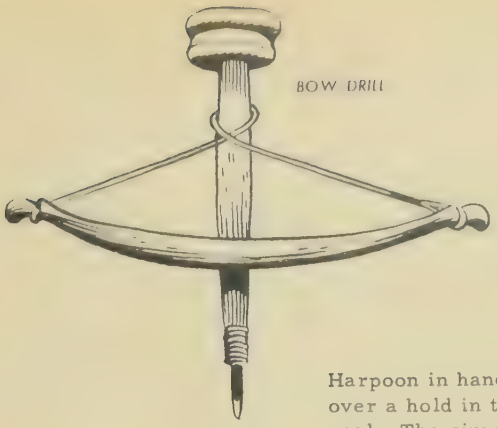
CARVING TOOL



Harpoon in hand, the hunter bends over a hold in the ice, waiting for the seal. The simplicity yet feeling of rugged strength are a feature of all Eskimo carvings.

Photos continued next Page

Above--A young snowy owl carved in soapstone by an Eskimo from the eastern Arctic. The bulk of the carving suggests the young owl's clumsiness.

Opposite--Caribou, by Amidilak, a carver from the Kogaluk river on Hudson Bay.

Text accompanying the photos is courtesy Department of Northern Affairs.

MANY Eskimo pieces tell a story of animal life: the owl guarding its nest, the bear followed by its cub, the struggling bird in the hands of a boy. The concept is always simple, the statement direct and vivid. The Eskimo carver has the advantage of complete familiarity with the seals, the caribou, the walrus, the birds which he depicts. They are part of his life. There is seldom a day when he does not see one or more of these animals dead or alive, still or moving. The experiences of the hunt are a large part of his conversation, and his descriptions of them to his friends are illustrated with pantomime and mimicry for the diversion and information of his audience. His concept of the universe causes him to ascribe to things, whether living or dead, the emotions and even the speech of humans. It is not difficult for the primitive Eskimo to believe that the animals talk to him on occasion, and when the narrative of the hunt is told and retold their conversations are as real to him as the rage of the harpooned walrus.

The human being, though, is at the centre of the Eskimo's art. It offers the most in subject matter, for the lives of people are infinitely fuller and more varied than the lives of animals. The hunter stalking the polar bear, the mother holding the child, the boy solemnly dancing on his knees—these are the subjects which have appealed to native artists.

Above--Snow Goose, an extremely life like carving by Noahkudluk of the Belcher Islands, Hudson Bay. Opposite--A carver and his handiwork of a hunter with harpoon.
Harrington photo

THE Eskimo people of Canada, cheerfully living a difficult existence in a harsh climate, have developed over the centuries a unique art form, which today has won for them praise and acclaim wherever their work has been shown.

In an unceasing struggle for food and shelter which has been their lot, with no wood but driftwood, with no textiles and no vegetable dyes, the Eskimos had few materials with which to create works of art. In consequence, they turned to the stones of their land, from which they were compelled to fashion their tools, as a medium for artistic expression. Out of the lifeless rocks they wrested imaginative and lively forms, depicting not only human beings and animals but also imagined creatures seen only in their dreams. Even today, after more than a century of exposure to European culture, this primitive art persists, original, creative and virile.

By force of circumstances these carvings have always been small. People who are constantly on the move, pursuing game on which they must depend for the necessities of life, cannot burden themselves with large pieces of sculpture.

Continued next page

Eskimo etiquette requires a display of modesty that the artist may not necessarily feel. The carver is likely to malign his own work, saying it is useless and worthless and that he should never try such a thing again. He is usually reluctant to copy or repeat a subject of his own, or indeed anybody else's work. This is fortunate, for in consequence he produces a wide variety of subjects, no two pieces being alike in form, movement, or concept.

There is a curious convention in Eskimo art. When a swimming animal is depicted, only the part of its body visible above the water is carved. A walrus emerging from the water, a bird rising to the surface with a fish in its beak, a polar bear plunging into the sea, all these carvings are cut off through a horizontal plane representing the surface of the water.

Why does the Eskimo carve? What induces people so hard pressed by their environment to expend energy in unessential occupation? It is impossible to know the objectives of the ancient Eskimo carvers since no written record accompanies their work. It is not easy either to analyze the motives of living Eskimo artists, because they seldom give utterance to abstract thought.

Quite naturally they enjoy the increased income that their art has provided in recent years. Fears have been expressed that this would lead to degeneration in the art form, but this has not been the case, nor is it likely to be. The Eskimo himself has already set standards for his art which he must maintain to command not only a market, but, more important, the respect of his fellow artists.

Above--Woman in the wind by a carver on Ellesmere Island.
Below--The Musk-ox, also the work of a Eskimo on Ellesmere Island.

This carving in soapstone depicts an Eskimo working on a carving with a bow drill.
Below is a soapstone carving of a Puffin.

It is difficult to discover what precise aesthetic satisfaction their art has for the Eskimos themselves. It is known, however, that some of the small carvings found in the ancient villages had magical significance. This, of course, is a familiar concept in early art forms. In primitive minds throughout the world the idea has persisted that to make a likeness of anything helps to materialize it. The primitive magician has, since early times, painted, drawn, or modelled images of the animals on which he and his tribesmen depend for food. Perhaps the Eskimo hunter still attaches magical significance to the little models of the game he hopes to kill.

Other carvings, many of them representing inanimate objects, were made to be put on the graves of the dead. A model sled, kayak, or harpoon on a man's grave; miniature cooking pots, lamps and sewing kits on a woman's grave, would serve the deceased just as well in the land of spirits as would their originals, which were usually too valuable to the living to be lavished on the dead.

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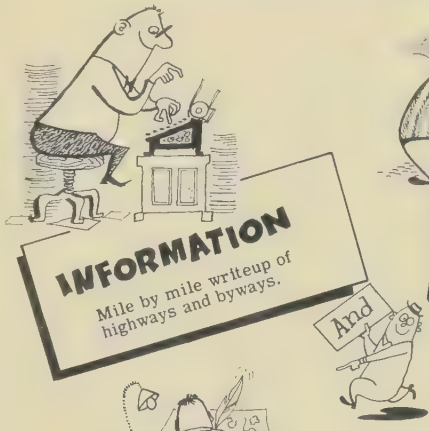

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RANCH FOR SALE
Continued from Page 10

--that Canada is a good place to live in. You see, they're not just buying a piece of land. They're buying a new way of life. They ask about schooling, transportation, climate, Canadian laws, churches...I find I've learned a lot about my own country, just anticipating their questions."

Sometimes Gloria has to make lengthy jaunts to show the ranch or farmland that's up for sale. Fortunately, most of the clients reach Vanderhoof in summer, when there's not so much difficulty with mud or snow on the back roads.

Vanderhoof itself is a pleasant little farming community in the rich Nechako river valley some sixty-six miles east of Prince George on the northern Trans-Provincial highway. It has a current population of about 1,200 with power from the B.C. Power Commission, water and sewar system, hospital, modern stores and hotels, weekly paper, and similar services.

It was founded by Herbert Vanderhoof, a Chicago publisher, in 1911 and appropriately enough the name is Dutch for "off the farm". The community has the distinction of being the site of the only grain elevator in Central B.C. and also it can boast of being located in almost the geographic center of B.C. The Vanderhoof district contains over one million acres of land suitable for farming, the largest reserve of potential agricultural land in one block in the Province.

In addition it is the center of a superb hunting and fishing country. To the south is the Kenney dam and the beginning of the three hundred and forty square mile lake created by the dam, then to the north is the historic settlement of Fort St. James, portal to some of North America's finest trout fishing. Here a connected series of lakes and rivers provide access to over two hundred and fifty miles of water, including Stuart, Trembleur, and Takla lakes and the Tachie, Middle, and Driftwood rivers.

Gloria Hobson has lived on a ranch all her married life, but she doesn't look like any faded farmhand. She's a slender, trim young woman, with blonde hair done in pageboy style. I wondered if hard-bitten clients took her seriously, or considered that she was too pretty to know anything about ranching.

"I haven't noticed that," she said. "The big thing is to know the difference between slough grass and oats, and between a Hereford and an Angus. I've spent fourteen years with ranching, and I had a little experience before that on a dairy farm in the Fraser Valley outside Vancouver."

She also took two years of agriculture at the University of British Columbia. While this has no direct bearing on her work as a real estate saleswoman, it all helps. She also took a stiff correspondence course in real estate.

"I took the regular course," she said, "the course given by the Real Estate

The village of Vanderhoof, with the Nechako river in the center of the photo and the road to Fort St. James angling past the airport.
Aero Surveys photo

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A young couple from Vancouver prepare to look over potential ranch land near Vanderhoof. It is virtually impossible to start ranching today without substantial cash backing.

Harrington photo

Licensing Board in Vancouver. Everyone in real estate has to take it now. I think they ran into too many properties being sold and the titles not being cleared properly, and things like that. It's some guarantee that the sales person knows what he's doing and provides some protection to the client."

Why has there been a turnover of farm and ranchlands in the Vanderhoof area, I wondered. If ranching is such a desirable life--apart from the romantic twaddle written and sung about the home on the range--why do people give it up?

Gloria knew the answer to that. "Most of the people who want to sell are older people, not able to do the physical work any more. And it's usually young people who are buying, not as speculative investments, but buying homes and futures for themselves. And I think that's all to the good of the Cariboo and of Canada."

THE END

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Illustrations by Hunter, and courtesy 'Wildlife Review'

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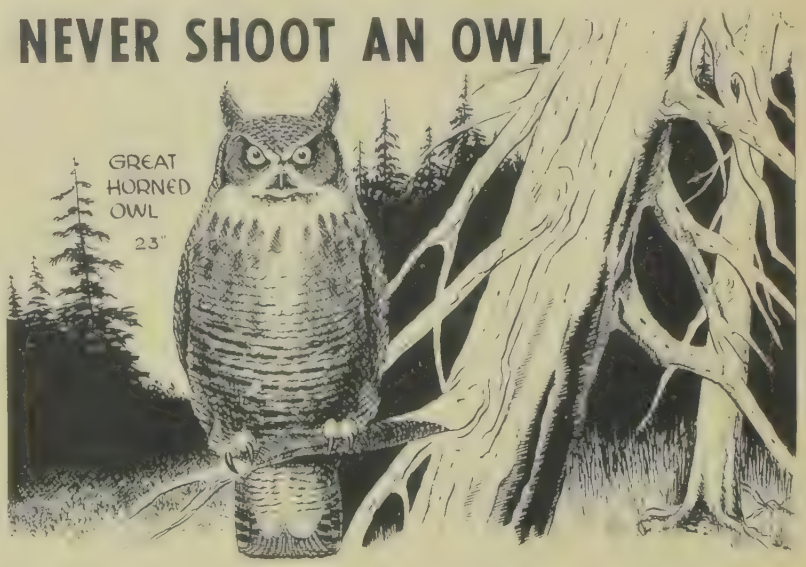

Owls are remarkable birds! They perform many feats that make us marvel, one of the most remarkable of which is their ability to catch so small a creature as a mouse darting through winding, grass-covered runways in weed-grown meadows or brush-covered field. Not only do they accomplish this in daylight, but they do it in what we consider darkness. What is still more remarkable, they locate their prey while they are in flight.

Consider for a moment the flight of owls—so slow and silent that they can literally stalk their prey while in flight. This achievement they owe to wing surfaces so large, relatively, in comparison to body weight, that the bird can maintain flight with an unusually slow wing beat. They are so adapted that an owl can hover quietly above a chosen spot or, if need be, stop and turn abruptly. And Nature has provided the owl with yet another bonus—flight feathers so broad, soft and lacy-edged that the wings make little or no noise in flight.

The eyes of owls are remarkable structures. They are relatively enormous and have special structural characteristics which give them much greater acuity of sight than man possesses.

The eyeball is large and fits the socket very closely—so closely, in fact, that movement of the eye within the socket is limited. Perhaps this is to assure proper alignment, but, as a consequence, when an owl wishes to look to one side it must turn its entire head. In contrast with that, man's eyeball is much smaller than the socket, and he can roll the eyes freely, permitting him to look up, down or sidewise while his head is relatively still. However this is a minor advantage considering that the seeing ability of the long-eared owl may be 100 times greater than that of man.

The ears of the long-eared owl are no less remarkable than its eyes.

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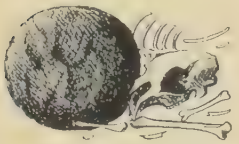
HIS EARS ARE NOT VISIBLE. MANY OWLS HAVE TUFTS OF FEATHERS THAT RESEMBLE EARS.



THE PREY IS USUALLY EATEN WHOLE OR IN LARGE PIECES, THE BONES, FUR, FEATHERS, ETC, ARE LATER DISGORGED IN THE FORM OF ROUND PELLETS.

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- ALL OWLS LAY WHITE EGGS.
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When the feathers of the facial discs are pushed forward, a front view reveals an immense external ear opening. These openings are so arranged as to give "binocular" or "bi-aural" reception so that the source of sound may be located in all three dimensions.

The inner ear canal or cochlea of owls is exceptionally long and therefore receptive to a wide range of sounds. The auditory equipment of the long-eared owl is highly developed and specialized. They are well equipped to locate the source of a sound with greate exactness, whether it be the high-pitched squeak of a mouse, the snap of a twig, or some low-pitched sound such as the footfalls of a running mouse or shrew.

THE END

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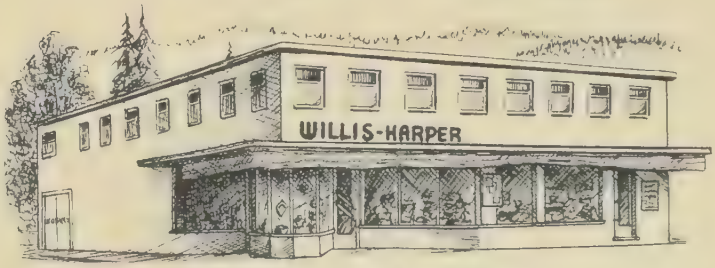

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR TEACHERS?

Continued from Page 8

Here at home the teacher's responsibility was never greater because through the failure of parents and church—Canadian family life is disintegrating. More than 90 percent of our children today attend high school. In my school—and other teachers confirm my findings—more than one-third of those children come from homes broken by divorce, desertion or separation. Or from homes where death or full-time employment of both parents means that the parent or parents sometimes lose all semblance of control over their children.

Years ago when fewer children reached high school, they were usually the children who wanted to be there, and "problem" students were less numerous. Today there are enough problem students to seriously affect the work and discipline of the school. Last year, for example, there were a number of catastophic failures among my pupils in the mid-winter exams—catastrophic because so many of those who failed showed little hope of recovery by June. In checking into the failures we often found that both parents worked. Consequently, the children were on their own until evening. In some homes, admittedly, both parents have to work, but this doesn't alter the fact that the children—who ought always to be our first consideration—end up as losers.

Let me stress at this point that I do not consider Canadian youth a bad lot. On the contrary, theirs is for the most part an extraordinarily promising generation. But teachers are not being given a fair chance to help prepare these children for the world.

For example, too many students today have more money than is good for them. In my community—an average industrial city—many students drive cars, including at least one Cadillac.

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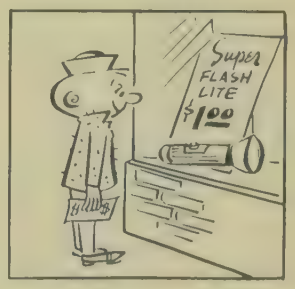

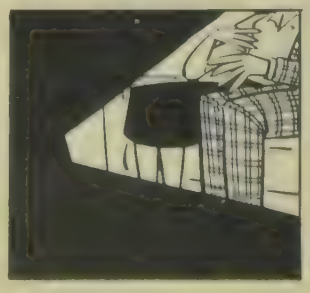

A High School education is now possible for virtually all students in B.C. Above is a new school in the lumbering community of Giscome, east of Prince George. The average teachers salary for 1957-58 ranged from $3,889 to $5,643 a year for Grade teachers and from $7,869 to $8,765 for Supervising Principals. Craftsman photo

The safe-keeping of wallets and watches during gym classes has become a headache; the watches may be worth $75 to $80 and the wallets contain up to $50 in "pin money".

Also, there has been terrific pressure in most provinces for a lowering of standards, so that a minimum number of students will fail. We are following the U.S. trend where, having created a welfare state of the body, they are now trying to create a welfare state of the mind. I believe every person is entitled to equality of opportunity, but I do not believe that all persons are equal, except in their right to opportunity and to respect of their personal worth.

The low standards and the increasing number of "problem" students—that one-third of the enrolment I've mentioned—create a classroom climate that left one teacher friend of mine "disturbed, disillusioned and dismayed." He had resumed teaching on invitation a few years ago, after a long absence.

"The school was new and the equipment and appointments all that could be desired," he later wrote in a teacher's journal. "The staff was well-picked. The community was as enthusiastic about their new high school as a groom about his bride. Here I thought innocently, is a chance to correct all the faults that inspectors had been pointing out to me over a lifetime...

"The joyriders in the educational band wagon stamped into the room, made all the noise they could getting in their seats, thumped their books on the desks, slammed drawers, and then scraped the movable seats on the floor in crude barbaric cyncopation. When I asked a question they answered in a chorus, nicely timing their syllables to overlap in a bewildering cacophony. When I gently asked for order they smiled knowingly at one another and muttered things for anyone but me to hear. When I began the lesson they

Continued on Page 35

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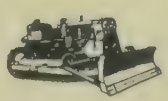

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Education costs now account for so high a percentage of each tax dollar that the subject is of vital concern to all. During the 1957-58 school year costs in B.C. topped $90,000,000. New school construction such as the above unit in South Fort George have averaged $15,000,000 a year over the past five years.

Craftsman photo

rested their heads upon their heads upon their hands and some turned their backs on me..."

Eventually he gained control and even the grudging respect of his pupils—which was more than their parents had achieved. But he "wondered what the layman would have done in the circumstances. I wondered, too, what the teacher, tenderized by the new pedagogical pap and making his first public appearance would have done. I even wondered what the "experts" would have done. My guess is that none would have done very well..."

These "joyriders" are perhaps the greatest obstacles in the way of one of the teacher's major objectives: the nurturing of the individualist in this age of conformity. Today even the eager willing student stands somewhat alone; too many of his fellows wear mediocrity like a badge of honor.

Teachers, of all people, must lead the fight against mediocrity. They must fight the lowering of standards. They must be individuals themselves. If we are educating our young people for a free enterprise system we need teachers in sympathy with that system. They must not be civil servants. They must speak up freely both in the classroom and in public life and must maintain their independence through their professional organizations. Great issues are not resolved nor great service given to mankind by avoiding controversy or by tolerating anything less than the excellent, merely for the sake of acceptance.

Yet here, I must confess, teachers fall into three categories: the few who do stand up boldly as individualists; the many who would like to but do not dare, and those who don't bother to try.

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Too often, when a teacher's judgement is challenged, the teacher runs to the principal crying, "Save me!" Articles in the press criticize our profession—but do teachers ever stand up and fight back? To many of our teachers, trivia are more important than principles, security more important than conviction, contentment more important than ultimate satisfaction for themselves or their pupils. They are content to obtain a liberal arts education and a teaching certificate, find a safe berth in a school—and vegetate on the job, having learned all that their limited vision shows them to be necessary.

By my definition, the true professional teacher never ceases to seek self-improvement. He takes full responsibility for his actions and does not need close supervision. He does not expect to work or be paid by the hour and adjusts his working day to the requirements of the job. His ultimate aim: to render a service to mankind.

Yet even such persons—and there are many—often hesitate to take a public stand on an issue for fear of jeopardizing their career. School boards and departments of education generally regard the "safe" teacher as the best teacher.

I'm fortunate in my board and my community. By speaking up honestly and making it clear that I have no axes to grind, I have never had to fear for my job. But I am convinced from my own observations that other teachers haven't found it so.

In most provinces I have noticed that departments of education appear to avoid choosing teacher-leaders for departmental appointments. In Saskatchewan, however, former leaders of teacher organizations are repeatedly selected for such jobs. I credit the difference not necessarily to governments but to enlightened individuals in the Saskatchewan department. However, it is only fair to point out that some departments can't obtain top men because they can't match the salaries offered by school boards in some of our major cities.

I think, too, that participation in community affairs adds to a teacher's stature, and hence his effectiveness, in the classroom. More and more teachers—usually the experienced ones who don't have to devote all their spare-time to improving their education—are aldermen, members of legislature, or members of public utilities

The author, George Roberts, is well qualified to write about education. He is past-president of the Canadian Teacher's Federation, a member of the Canada United States Committee on Education, and one of the organizers of the Canadian Conference on Education in 1958, among other things. He has given scores of public speeches and written some 60 articles on education.

THREE AGAINST THE WILDERNESS

Continued from Page 9

was almost gone and the pea vines and vetches of the timber already smutty with rust. The woods themselves had a quietness and innocent serenity about them that exists in no other place but the deep woods. In berry season Lillian often went into them alone, or with Veasy, into the deep shade of the jack pines where the berries grew plump and lush. Sometimes I went too although my fingers were slow and clumsy when they tried to pick blueberries. On this particular afternoon I had hitched the team to the mower and was cutting an acre of hay. Veasy and Lillian were alone, the endless forest about them.

The blueberries were a fruit of the forest that Lillian could not altogether claim as her own. There were others living in the woods who also demanded a share. It was to the heart of the blueberry patches that the ruffed grouse led her chicks. As Lillian's fingers flew from vine to vine, stripping them of their berries, a dozen mischievous red squirrels were within inches of her hand helping themselves to the fruit. In blueberry time even the coyote forgot his appetite for meat and became a temporary vegetarian. There were others too who claimed some right to the berries, those who crushed the delicate vines with their own ponderous weight, and growled a throaty challenge to any who questioned their right.

Even in the shade of the pines the

commissions, parks and library boards.

Incidentally, it was once illegal for teachers to sit on any school board or any municipal commission. Teachers' organizations have helped abolish that restriction.

Our organizations also led the drive for better salaries. The average high school salary in Ontario has more than doubled since World War II and is still rising. Salaries are vastly improved in western Canada. There's room for improvement in the east: in Prince Edward Island the average teacher's salary is only about $1,900 a year. Not long ago I met the young head of the French department of a Maritimes junior college. He was married, with a university degree—and earning $3,700 a year.

But generally the salary level has so improved that teaching even competes with engineering. In 1958 Toronto hired some 40 university engineering graduates, gave them a summer course in pedagogy and sent them into high schools.

Teachers, through their organizations, are also trying to improve their training. The organizations sponsor study courses and seminars and make surveys and recommendations on the job needing to be done in schools. The Ontario secondary teachers' organization has $50,000 out on loan, helping teachers take summer or winter training courses. In other provinces teachers' organizations are doing similar work.

In other words, we recognize the shortcomings of our profession and are grappling with them. But we need help.

Departments of education must realize that an outspoken teacher is not necessarily a dangerous teacher. School boards must give us adequate facilities, respect without over-supervision and support without spoon-feeding.

Parents must not expect us to do the whole job in school and eliminate home-work; to give every pupil a course suited to his needs, interest and abilities, yet with all courses have equal prestige; to report to the home exactly and clearly what the child is achieving and yet eliminate competition; to mend all the ills caused by an unhappy home—and to do all of this for all the children.

Why should any school and its teachers, be laden with such chores in an already overcrowded day? As one American educator wrote recently, there is a danger that schools will become "society's dumping ground, a vast refuse heap for any and every unwanted service or task that other social or governmental institutions and agencies find too tough to handle."

Canadian society must decide what it expects of teachers. Then it must add many intelligent well-trained members to our ranks. But to get them, society must do its part—and give more money, more respect and much more professional independence.

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afternoon was hot and sultry. Yesterday it had rained and now steam oozed up from the moss. On hands and knees Lillian moved from vine to vine. A thin cotton blouse covered the upper part of her body, the despised slacks, her legs.

"You can't pick berries in a dress," she told me when after lunch, I saw her pulling on the slacks, and winced a little as she did so. A dozen or so yards from her Veasy was making half-hearted efforts to fill the tin cup that he had toted along. Like me, Veasy considered that picking blueberries was no job for a man. His lips and cheeks were a smear of purple, for again like me, with every one berry that went into the cup another went into his mouth. But after a while neither cup nor belly would hold more, so with a big sigh of contentment he lay down in the moss and within seconds was fast asleep.

The sun slipped slowly into the west, and equally slowly the ten-pound lard pail beside Lillian filled to the rim with berries. In her urge to get it chocka-block and start back for the cabin in time to get the supper, she moved sixty yards from where Veasy was sleeping. About her all was very still save for the rattle of berries against the pail, and small talk of the squirrels.

Her left hand was about to pull a berry-laden vine toward her, when her body quickly tensed and she was seized by the realization that now she wasn't entirely alone, that another was standing close by. Slowly she brought her head around. She stifled the cry that jumped to her throat. There between her and the boy was a monstrous, full-grown bear.

She doubted that the bear had yet seen her or Veasy. But it too sensed the presence of another, and clumsily came erect on its hind feet, head swaying from side to side, nostrils plucking questioningly at the air. Again a scream was born in Lillian's throat, again she forced it back. For now she could see that the underbelly of the bear was almost naked of fur, and that its teets were red and raw from the sucking. It too was a mother and somewhere close by were the cubs.

With the cubs lay the danger. Usually any bear will beat a hasty retreat at sight or scent of a human being. But not so in the case of a she-bear with cubs.

A blur of movement in the bushes a few feet from the boy drew Lillian's attention. A body took pattern, black, furry, and round. Immediately behind it another similar form took shape. Lillian swayed a little on her knees, and her heart pounded as she watched the two cubs.

The cubs moved within a few feet of Veasy without noticing him, then rolling over on their backs as bear cubs do when a-berrying, their little fists shot out and began pulling vines to their mouths.

Their mother dropped back to all fours at sight of the little ones, and she came slowly around in her tracks, staring fixedly at them. A growl suddenly rumbled deep in her throat, and the black mane at her shoulders bristled with brute rage. She had winded Veasy, or Lillian, or perhaps both.

Lillian wanted to cry aloud, to waken Veasy, as if such an act could conceivably shield him from the deadly danger that had now arrived. But again she held back all impulse to cry aloud and instead her lips began moving in silent prayer. For if Veasy should suddenly wake up, rubbing his eyes, and begin glancing about him, his very movement would attract the bear. Intent upon protecting her cubs, the she-bear would charge.

Realization of that told Lillian what must be done. Somehow she must try to draw the bear's every attention without waking Veasy. Slowly, steadily,

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"IS MY TWO WEEKS UP SO SOON?

then she came up from her crouched position in the moss, compelling both mind and muscles to the task. At her sudden movement the bear swung around and faced her. Holding her own eyes on the bear, trying desperately hard to keep her every movement slow and steady, Lillian began backing away. Now the bear was upright again, jaws hanging open, yellow spittle frothing its lips. Backward Lillian went, cautiously, an inch or two at a time. But her eyes never lost their fix on the bear. Then the cubs saw her, and they raised their little snouts from the blueberries, came over from their backs, whining a little as their nostrils sought the scent of their mother. Then they saw her and with short whoofs of delight they moved into her flanks. Again the she-bear came down on all fours. Her mane dropped, and the flare of anger left her eyes. She greeted the two cubs with a soft cough of affection, and licked their woolly coats. Then without another glance at Lillian or Veasy the three bears turned away and loped off through the forest.

Despite the mental agony that Lillian must surely have undergone during those few fearful moments of her encounter with the bear, she took Veasy back into the selfsame berry patch the next day and the next, and continued to visit it until she had close to a hundred quarts of berries sealed down for the winter. Not until the last jar was sealed did she casually tell me of the incident.

"Why didn't you tell me at the time?" I exploded, on hearing her out.

"What good would that have done?" she countered.

"Well, I might have gone along with you the next time, and maybe got a shot at the bear."

"A she-bear with cubs?" She arched her eyebrows. "And what would become of the cubs without the mother? You would have had to shoot them too." That was the fantastic quality of Lillian -even amid such great danger she still cared whether a she-bear with cubs was killed.

"You should have told me anyway," I argued grumpily.

Veasy was working at his arithmetic but now he laid down his pencil, shoved back in his chair, and began listening to the argument.

"Carry on with your work, Veasy," Lillian bade him sharply. Then carefully folding a dish towel which really didn't need folding, she placed it back on its hanger, patted her hair, and said primly, "You didn't tell me about V[illegible] and the wolves, did you?" she persisted.

"Wolves?" Then looking suspiciously at Veasy, I asked, "Did you tell your mother about that?"

Veasy stared me straight in the face. "You never told me not to."

My eyes went back to Lillian. A slight smile played at the corners of her mouth. "Let's just hear why you didn't tell me about the wolves?" She said it mockingly this time.

I huffed my shoulders. "What was the use of telling you about that? Had I done so, every time Veasy went down the lake to look at his traps you'd be here fretting and worrying about timber wolves trailing behind in his tracks."

Lillian had me in a corner. She rejoined, "That's why I didn't tell you of the bear incident at the time. Had I done so, every time I went picking blueberries you'd be fretting about us getting mauled to death by bears."

Perhaps Veasy should never have been out on the ice, tending traps alone in the first place. It happened the previous winter in January. Veasy wasn't quite seven, wouldn't be for another six months. Still, he knew how to set traps even if he couldn't pry their springs down with his hands. Instead he scuffed the snow from a windfall or rock, placed the trap on it,

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and depressed the springs with his foot. And held a foot on them until he'd set the trigger on the pan, and they were now ready to catch things, even his own fingers, if they happened to bump the pan. No doubt this had happened a time or two, but if so, he kept the secret to himself.

He kept pestering me to let him set the traps out for himself until finally, a little against my will, I gave in. Lillian told me no, he's too young to be out on the ice alone, messing around with mink sets. "Is he?" I wondered. And glancing back to a hazy past I began trying to remember how old I had been when I first shot a starling with a .22. Maybe seven or eight. And no one had been around to show me how to handle the .22 except maybe an older brother. Whereas Veasy had seen me and Lillian setting out mink traps since he was old enough to slip along on skis.

"Is he?" I repeated. "Just a few traps set around the lake here at the house, well within hollering distance if anything went wrong? After all, it would give him something to do after school hours, and on Saturdays and Sundays. He's a bit young, yes, but maybe not too young to set out a trap or two and maybe catch a fine mink."

"He's too young," Lillian insisted.

"I've been over to the big lake on my skis," Veasy joined in. "Lots of times. By myself." By the big lake he meant Meldrum, which was three-quarters of a mile from the cabin, well out of hollering distance. And sensing that I was wavering, even if his mother wasn't, he asked me directly, "Can't I put out just two or three traps at the lake by the house? I can ski awful fast now, quicker than you go on snowshoes." That part of it was fact. I said nothing, looking to Lillian for a decision. After at least five minutes of thinking it over, she said, "He does go quite a piece away on his skis. Too far sometimes. He was up the creek yesterday, gone for over an hour. And when I asked him where he'd been all the time he said halfway up the hill back of the house, to the old bear den where we smoked out our very first bear. That's a mile and a half from here." Then, with a small sigh of resignation- "Maybe it will be all right for him to be out on the lake, fixing a trap or two. At least I'll know where he's at."

So I gave him a half dozen traps and went around the lake with him myself when he set them. I watched as he depressed their spring with his right foot. That part of it was all right. I watched as he made his trap cubbies out of pieces of stick. Nothing wrong about that either. And I watched as he took a piece of muskrat flesh from the small sack he was toting, and placed it in the cubby. "Farther back," I told him. "The way you've got it, a mink or weasel could get away with the bait without touching the pan." And when he had pushed the bait farther in the cubby, using a long stick to do so, I said, "Now go to it. And whatever you catch is yours."

Despite the fact that timber wolves often left their track marks on the snow covering the frozen lakes, it wasn't often I saw a wolf in the flesh. In summer you often saw them, seldom in winter. In winter they got wild and cautious, hunting mostly at night, moving off into heavy timber at daybreak to sleep or cleanse their fur beneath the shelter of some overhanging trees. When Veasy went off down the lake on a late winter afternoon to look at his traps Lillian told him, "Watch out for the wolves," just as a city mother would say, "Don't cross the street against the light." Timber wolves on the ice, like bears in the blueberry patches, were perhaps something that Lillian often thought of but never worried too much about. And I never lost much sleep thinking about timber wolves bothering Veasy either. Here in the wilderness one could, if he were that

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Many a man who has talent for criticism fails to use it where it does the most good—on himself.

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An illustration from Eric Collier's best selling book "Three Against the Wilderness". Courtesy E. P. Dutton and Company.

way inclined, spend countless hours worrying over all that might go amiss. But if you were so inclined you had no business living out in the wilderness in the first place.

I had been over to Meldrum Lake taking a peek at a lynx trap I'd set three days ago. The lynx was ranging a thicket of spruces, hunting snowshoe rabbits, and I'd arranged my bait pen alongside a well-packed trail, set the trap and tossed in a couple of handfuls of feathers for bait. On the chance that the lynx had got caught in the set I took the .22 rifle along to finish him off. A lynx lived quite a while when held by the foot in a trap. Too long in fact for comfortable peace of mind. But I couldn't help that. The only traps that had ever proved suitable for the taking of such things as lynx were the leg-hold variety. Nothing else would do. But still, few professional trappers liked the thought of a lynx or anything else suffering in a trap, so the only thing one could do was visit the sets as often as possible before there had been too much time for suffering.

But the lynx hadn't been around, the set was undisturbed. And since it was late afternoon, and the January sun had set, I started back for the cabin to do [illegible].

I spotted Veasy at the far end of the lake by the house. He too was heading homeward after making the round of his traps. Even at that distance I saw that he'd caught a mink, for it was dangling from his right hand, nose almost dragging the snow. And I knew that it was an extra large mink that he'd taken out of his traps.

I squatted back on my snowshoes at the edge of the ice, thinking, "So you've made twenty dollars for yourself. Now what would a little fellow like you do with all that much money?"

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Veasy was coming square up the center of the lake, and was now about a half mile away, skidding easily and quickly along on the skis I'd made him from the pliable wood of a spruce tree. Head and face almost hidden by the parka lined with the soft fur of muskrats, feet and legs encased in knee-high buckskin moccasins, also lined with muskrat fur - that's how Veasy was dressed. The buck that supplied the skin came from the crest of a hogback a mile north of the cabin. The muskrat came from the beaver marshes. The thread was from the mail-order house. Lillian's needle had supplied most everything else.

Veasy angled away from the center of the lake toward the west shore line. He moved off the ice, into the timber to look at another trap set out in the spruces. In a couple of minutes he was in sight once more, again traveling the ice. But now there were others there too.

The five wolves trooped out onto the ice from the timber. They came noiselessly and suddenly. A second ago there might not have been a wolf within miles of the cabin as far as my hearing them or seeing their sign was concerned, but now, out of nowhere at all, there were five of them out there on the ice, within a half mile of where I was squatting.

They paused a moment at timber's edge, heads high, ears forward, noses measuring the air. Then in single file, and not more than a couple of hundred yards behind him, they began trailing Veasy. There were two blacks, two grays, and one wolf almost as white as the snow it trod. Any one of them weighed a hundred pounds or more, any one could badly maul a fourteen-hundred-pound moose if the animal panicked at the sight of them.

LIFE'S LESSON

Well adjusted people have learned there is no use worrying—and there is no use telling others there is no use.

I started to come upright, then, shaking my head, squatted back down on the webbing. Instinctively I picked up the .22, then slowly laid it down again. Veasy was still five hundred yards away, the wolves slightly farther. The .22 was as useless as a pea shooter.

The gap between child and wolves was lessening; they were only a hundred yards behind him now. They traveled softly, like phantoms, without noise, the soft snow they were treading muffling their footsteps.

I wanted to gulp air into my lungs and let it go in one desperate, explosive cry. "Veasy, look behind you, timber wolves!" That's what I wanted to cry out. But didn't. That would never do. It would fluster Veasy, and throw him off mental balance. And maybe he'd panic and start running as fast as his legs could carry him for me. And the wolves would know he was scared of them, and if they acted true to their species they'd probably take after him as they would after a panicky moose or deer. I could do nothing but sit and watch.

Then Veasy stopped. He turned around, saw the wolves, and stood rooted to his tracks. And to me, watching impotently, time and most everything else was at a standstill. My lips began to move, forming soundless words - "Don't panic. Don't run. Just keep on coming steadily up the ice. Remember what I told you about timber wolves and moose? No wolf or combination of wolves in British Columbia will tackle a moose if it turns and faces them, bluffs them out. But if it panics and runs they'll tear it down before it's gone a mile. Don't panic son. Just keep moving naturally up the ice as if you had the whole lake to yourself."

Stout little legs moving again now, pushing the skis over the snow. Limp body of the mink swinging to and fro from a small mittened hand. Fur-lined earflaps flopping up and down against healthy red cheeks, like ears flapping on a foxhound when it's hunting up scent. Thus, up the ice he came, steadily, with never a telltale back glance to see what was going on there.

And behind him, still in single file, perhaps only seventy-five yards behind now, five lusty timber wolves, any one of which could break a man's leg at a single crunch of its jaws.

I untied the flaps of my own fur-lined parka and tossed them away from my face. Beads of perspiration were now tickling my cheekbones. "Keep coming, son, steady, just like that. Don't let them bluff you, don't drive those skis any faster. You're not

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LETTERS

Continued from Page 5

Editor:

We enjoyed your Sept-Oct issue with the account of B.C.'s Great Elephant Hunt. We lived on the shore of Kootenay Lake at the time and well remember the occasion. A friend of ours, Mr. Otto Grey, who has passed away since then, had a big grizzly bear rug in his front room, and used to tell people that he shot that bear "while feeding off an elephant". This was literally true. On one of his annual fall hunting trips, he saw the bear eating off the carcass of one of the elephants. He got the bear and had the skin mounted.

The article on the return of the buffalo was very gratifying. I have been following the progress of this return over the years and find its success very heartwarming. It is such a pleasant contrast to the usual criminal destruction of our natural resources in the name of "progress" or "production".

Milton Kunst,
Vancouver, B.C.

Editor:

I enjoyed the article on the buffalo at Wood Buffalo Park, and gave the magazine to a supervisor with our Montana Fish and Game Department, I note now that someone has suggested a new system to increase our own herds.

Are some of Sam Hilburn's family still located at Kersley? The old man of course would have passed away by this time, and his family may have sold out and left the district. There was also a family named Anderson which had a homestead near the Hilburn place.

I am also anxious to know if the steamers in the old days before the railway was extended to Waterways, Alberta, were able to navigate up and down the Athabaska river from Athabaska Landing to Fort McMurray. There recently was an article in Field and Stream about a man who run the rough waters in a canoe, the article seems to imply that the river was not navigable for steamers, but I am almost sure it was.

A.D. Walsh,
734 Fifth Ave.,
Helena, Montana, U.S.A.

Can any of our readers help Mr. Walsh with the information he requests?

THE END

scared of a no-account timber wolf, are you? Steady-steady-steady-"

And at last Veasy reached me, puffing a little, eyes blinking. A couple of hundred yards off the wolves stopped and bunched. My eyes went to the .22, quickly left it again. It was too far, but if they'd just come a little closer- Then one of the blacks trotted a few feet to one side, hunkered back on the snow, and forelegs braced, lifted its nose to the sky and howled, dismal, sad, and spine-chilling. Then sorting themselves out, and again in single file, the five wolves trotted off the ice and moved silently away through the timber.

"Were you scared, son?" It seemed a foolish question to ask, but I asked it just the same.

He nodded. "Just a little."

I said, "Shucks, never get scared of a timber wolf. Wolves'll never bother you. Curious, that's all they were."

I made out that I was examining the mink. "Say, that's a lulu of a mink you've caught yourself. Should get twenty-five dollars for a mink like that."

But I had never told Lillian about the wolves. Somehow I thought she might not appreciate the picture of her young son being trailed by five wolves. Women are fussy about things like that. There were some things we told one another, some things we hardly ever mentioned. Such as she-bears in blueberry patches, timber wolves on ice, and little things like that.

THE END

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OVER THE Editor's DESK

Among problems arising when serving the public, and this applies to editorial offices as well as to anything else, is the variation in people's tastes. The letters column in this issue, for instance, emphasises this fact. One reader wants more history, another wants less, another wants more hunting and fishing, another wants none, another wants more topical material, and so the selections range. Since the Digest is a general interest magazine, it is our objective to please as many people as possible.

For this reason we attempt to select only articles with a broad appeal. All articles of course must be factual and free from the sensationalism common to many of the lurid men's magazines now littering the newstands. In each issue we try to run a historical article, one on some aspect of Interior life, perhaps an article on an Interior community or personality, a sidelight on nature, such as the Owls in this issue and Antelope in the last, and a 'think' piece such as the article on Teachers in this issue and a forthcoming one by Minister of Lands and Forests Ray Williston on the crisis facing B.C.'s lumber industry.

Incidentally those of our readers who keep wondering about our editorial requirements should keep the above points in mind. We do not use poetry or fiction. We prefer articles on the northwest of 2,500 words and under and on any subject of interest to the average reader.

When they reach seventy the average person is content to sit back and relax, but not Margaret L. Murray, better known as "Ma", flamboyant former editor of the Fort St. John News. When Ma and George started the paper in Fort St. John in 1944 the community was little more than a frontier trading post. But in the past five years it has grown faster than a field of Peace River wheat and Ma decided it was too big for her. She turned the paper over to her family and headed two hundred and fifty miles north to Fort Nelson. There she started the Fort Nelson News and at last report was pounding her typewriter as vigorously as ever.

Ma Murray and the 'Fort Nelson News'. There are no rules that a person has to be turned out to pasture just because they get to be 70, she points out.

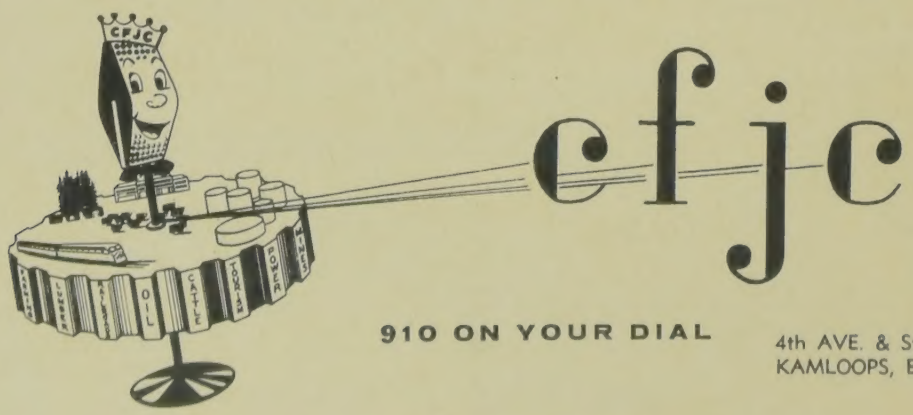
Last summer the Murray's published a special edition of the Alaska Highway News which ran to seventy-two pages and contained some three hundred and fifty pictures and maps. In essence it is the story of northern development and a limited number of copies are still available. Those interested can obtain one by sending $2.00 to the Alaska Highway News at Box 430, Fort St. John, B.C.

Another Peace River resident, Bradford Angier of Hudson Hope, has a remedy for those fed up with the merry-go-round of modern living and want to escape to the wilderness. It is his new book called "How to Go Live in the Woods on $10.00 a Week" and is available from The Stackpole Company at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., for $5.00.

One chapter alone lists over one hundred sources of free information on Northern Canada and Alaska, covering everything from educational facilities to available lands and from the weather to agricultural conditions. Other chapters provide details on building a log cabin, baking with sourdough, canning meats and fruit, and there is even a chapter on recipes for jams, jellies, and other foodstuff. This chapter also points out that three wild rose hips contain as much Vitamin C as an orange.

The entire book is an education on outdoor living and is written in a relaxed and interesting style and well illustrated with photos and drawings. It is one that will be enjoyed by not only those contemplating renouncing city life for the country but also by the weekend camper.

THE VOICE OF SOUTH-CENTRAL BRITISH COLUMBIA



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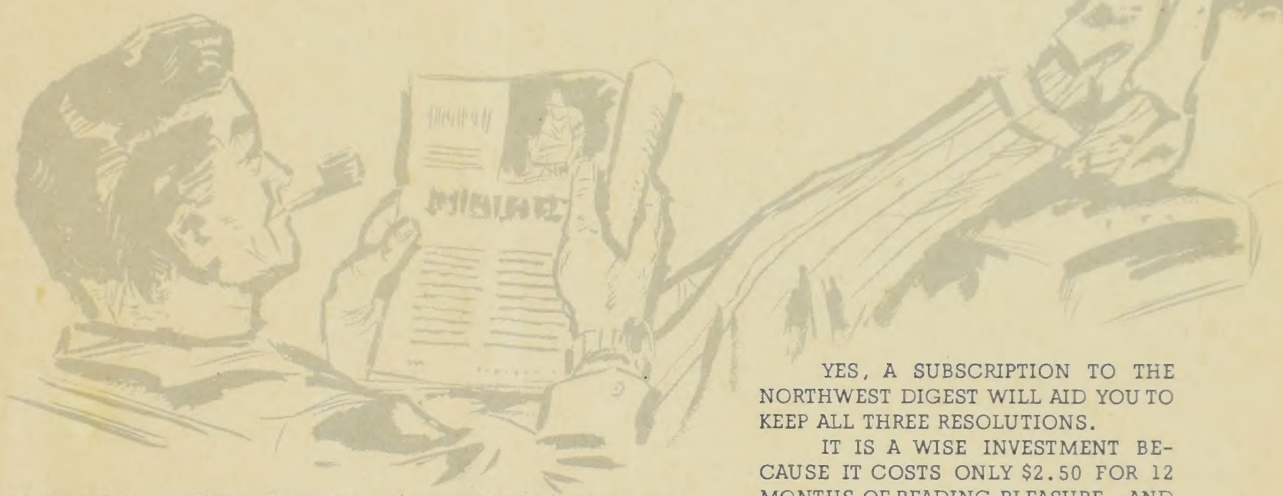

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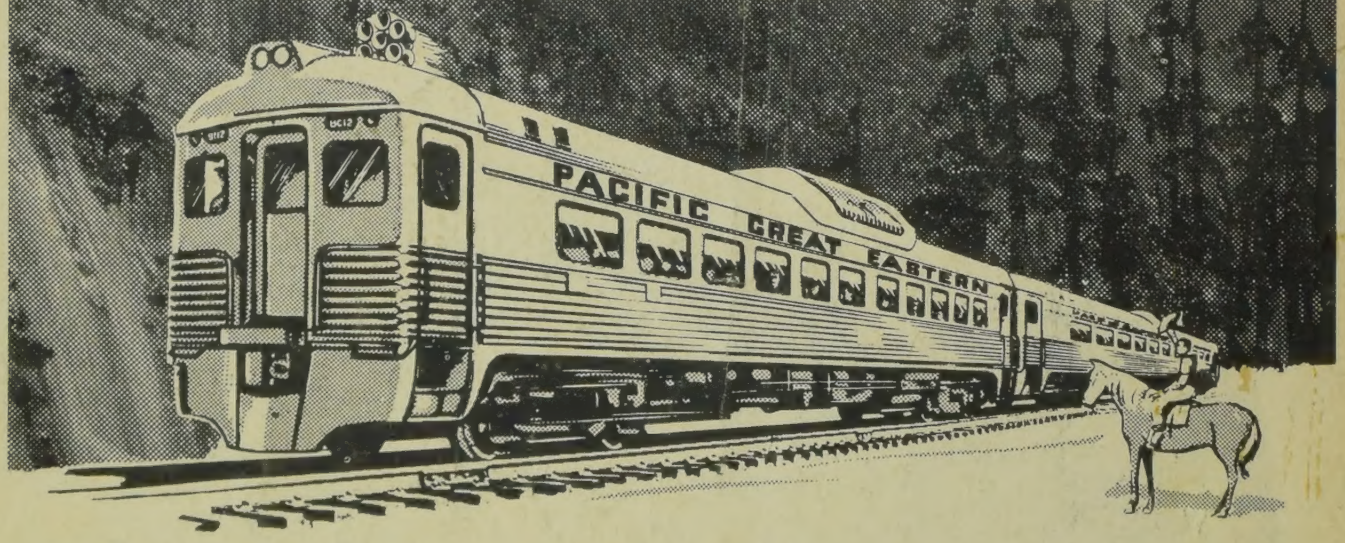

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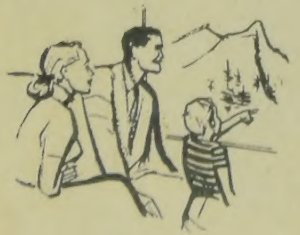

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